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JOSEPH SMITH, IPSWICH, MASS.

From the Ipswich Chronicle

May 28, 1881

JOSEPH SMITH, IPSWICH, MASS.

From the Ipswich Chronicle, May 28, 1881

For several years Joseph Smith has been a centre of interest as the oldest man in town. Many were the wishes that he might see one hundred years; but in his 99th year he is gone; or as he expressed it: "Waked up in his Saviour's arms."

He was born January 11, 1783, and died May 16, 1881. His birthplace was an old farm house at Red Gate, two miles from town. January 19, a cold winter's day, he was carried to the old North Meeting-house, and baptized by the Rev. Levi Frisbie, under the half-way covenant. He was a regular attendant at the First Church until he reached middle life; then he united with the Methodists. He always spoke pleasantly of Mr. Frisbie, and remembered him as a man wonderful in prayer. He helped draw the timber and raise the frame of the house erected by the Rev. David Tenney Kimball.

He descended from John Smith, who was Mr. Appleton's farmer, 1654, and lived probably on the Appleton Farm; while Mr. Appleton, as was the custom, occupied his town mansion, near the site of the E. R. R. Station.

Joseph Smith, on his mother's side, descended from John Shatswell; and from his mother he inherited a part of the original Shatswell house lot on the High street, and the original Shatswell home, which he took down, and on its site he placed the house which stood where Mr. John Lane's now stands. It had been owned by John Cole Jewett, who died about 1806; Mr. Smith bought it of Capt. David Lord, the executor of Mr. Jewett. In this old house he lived seventy-three years. It was then taken down, and the land purchased by John Edward Lord. He removed to the residence of the late Deacon John Kimball of gracious memory.

Until 1812, he followed the sea, going to Belle Isle, Bay of St. Lawrence, &c. He would entertain us with an account of a fearful gale, and of his utter fearlessness, as

Madam Hooper (another Witch of Endor,) foretold his escape. After he left the sea he became a teamster, and made constant trips to Boston.

He married Hannah Lord in 1805. The bridal party went to Essex and the ceremony was performed in the Essex parsonage. He had twelve children; two died in infancy.

His old age will long be remembered. He was full of incidents and anecdotes; remembered well old time customs and people; one of his younger friends, [Mr. T. B. Ross,] said of him truly, that he was "like the sun on a dewy morning."

The few last years his one strong desire has been to depart. He would bless his grandchildren and great-grandchildren with these words: "God bless you. God bless you in basket and store; yes, He will; you've been good, you'll get your reward."

For eight years all his family came to see him on his birthdays. Last year he said: "This is only one of my birthdays; I've had two,—one into life and one into God." And now he has reached his *third*—he has entered the everlasting state, where "they reckon not by months and years."

He lies buried by the side of his uncle, Andrew Smith, a Revolutionary Soldier, who was under Col. Nathaniel Wade at West Point when the defection of Arnold was discovered, and Major Andre brought in as a spy.

May 18, 1881. The funeral was at two o'clock, p. m. at the house in which he died. The services commenced with singing: "Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move." A Scripture selection; words were spoken by his grand-nephew, Augustine Caldwell, and his Pastor, Rev. C. N. Smith; Prayer, by Mr. Smith; Singing: "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land."

The remains were carried to the grave upon a bier; the bearers were Luther Lord and George Lord; Capt. John Henry Shatswell and Daniel Souther Russell.

FUNERAL REMARKS OF REV. C. N. SMITH.

My acquaintance with the deceased has been brief, that only, of a few short weeks. But my visits at his bedside were to me occasions of great interest and of special pleasure; for I saw there illustrated the power and triumph of the religion of Jesus over advanced age and extreme feebleness. There lay the venerable form, with locks whitened with the frosts of nearly a hundred winters—almost helpless from extreme weakness, and with whom, from dullness of the ear, conversation was difficult; and from whose sight and mind objects of sense and the things of this world were fast fading; yet it was remarkable what a charm, a very enchantment indeed, the name of Jesus possessed for him. To hear spoken that name would kindle his soul into a rapture. With a glow of enthusiasm he would speak of Christ as the strength, comfort and joy of his heart, the sure Rock of his hope.

It was remarkable, moreover, how almost every incident connected with his christian life, memory held firmly, and with an almost cloudless clearness. Other things faded; these remained undimmed. More than half a century had passed since his christian life began; yet the time and circumstances of his conversion, his membership with the church of his choice, various incidents in connection with its history and growth, as also with his own personal, joyous, happy experience, were as fresh and as replete with interest as though but of yesterday.

The earth for him had no attraction. He felt that he had lived too long, little realizing that an enduring patience honors God. We cannot know when usefulness ends. * * But the heavenly attraction was strong; he felt its power drawing him upward.

O what a change from that bed of weariness, weakness and decrepitude! We would not, could not wish him back. He has lived well, has gone safely. May it be the care of the living to emulate his virtues, to follow him as he followed Christ, that finally to us as to him it may be said: "Come ye blessed of my Father."

THE OLDEST INHABITANT DEAD.

Timothy B. Ross, in the Newburyport Valley Visitor.

At Ipswich, in his 99th year, Joseph Smith, on the 16th of May, 1881, passed from the warrior's battle-field to the conquerors rest,—the oldest person in town. With wings all plumed for the better land, for more than 50 years he has been watching and working, lest he be found sleeping when the Bridegroom came. He was born in Ipswich on the 11th of January, 1783. When 8 days old he was baptized by that man of God, Rev. Levi Frisbie, then Pastor of the First Church. He was the son of Simon and Mary [Shatswell] Smith. On his mother's side he descended from John Shatswell, 1634. Of the father's ancestor we find mention made as early as 1654, John Smith, tenant of Mr. Appleton.

Simon and Mary had six children: Mary, married (1) Jeremiah Day, (2) Isaac Kimball; John, married Hannah Jones; Elisabeth, married Amos Jones; Joseph, married Hannah Lord; Hannah, married Capt. John Lord; William died at nine years. Joseph lived to see them all under the sod, yes, and every one in town when he was born, has he outlived. For more than a quarter of a century he has walked our streets with broken wing. His daughter, LUCY, to her honor be it said, never, no, not for one week of rest, faltered in her attendance upon her father. Helpless for years, confined to his bed for the last half dozen, with none other on whom to call, LUCY was on the spot by night and by day, till "life's fitful fever was over," the gates passed and Heaven won.

The turning point in Mr. Smith's life was his conversion when, in 1830, the Rev. J. N. Maffit preached in the town; the crowning point was when he entered, last Monday morning, into that Rest, where "the journey ends in welcomes to the weary."

Reminiscences of Joseph Smith,

Related by himself, and written out by others.

MADAME HOOPER.

Madame Hooper was a famous Fortune Teller of a hundred years ago. She did not live in Ipswich, but came yearly to town; and old and young made her a call to learn the fate of the hour or the life.

She was first known about 1760 as a Newburyport school dame. She taught the little boys and girls of that old town to read the first chapter of Genesis and say the Shorter Catechism. After a while she lost the title of school dame, and was known all the country round as "Madame Hooper, the Witch." She had very bright grey eyes, and seemed to look people through; her teeth were double all round; her wardrobe was extravagant—silks and satins beyond price; and the queerest thing of all was a jet black hen with a clipped bill which was her constant companion, and inspired Ipswich people with awe, as if it were the devil incarnated.

When Madame came to town she made her headquarters at the Wainwright Brick House, or as old people called it, "the Wainwright Brick 'us." She was very artful in going there; for superstitious people were living a hundred years ago who thought the cellar of the house was the haunt of a Wainwright ghost. They could remember, and had told scores of times about the death and burial of the famous Francis Wainwright, who, on his bridal week ate huckleberries and milk and died of cholera morbus; and the wedding guests became the funeral company. He died in the hottest August days, and that the body might be kept until the stately people were summoned and the burial pageant arranged, the coffin was carried into the arch in the cellar: hence it was thought that Colonel Wainwright flitted about in that cold, dark place. Grasping at these ghost-tales, Madame Hooper planted her feet in the old "brick 'us," and told her wonders.

Her quaint and costly dress gave rise to much conjecture. Some thought she was originally of a stately family of Boston; but in that famous town she had never been known. Others guessed she was a

birthright princess and had for some reason drifted away from the paternal halls; and they expected her history would terminate as Betty Duckett's did. But all the talk availed nothing; she lived and died an unrevealed mystery.

Eighty years ago it was noised abroad that Madame Hooper had come on her yearly visit. People dropped bits of copper and silver upon her platter, and she told them the good and the bad things that would be their portion in this world, if not in the world to come. Sometimes she sat in long silence; and people hardly knew if any fortune was to happen to them; again she communicated freely; everybody had to wait her will.

One day a company of boys and girls in their teens went to inquire as Saul did of old, how the battle of life was to go with them. Joseph Smith, a frolicsome youth, was of the number. She speedily turned him to a profound silence by a piercing look of her cat-like grey eyes. What she told others of the company I never heard: but standing before Joseph she said: "You'll go to sea—you'll encounter a seven-day gale of wind—a great gale—but don't you be afeard, for not a soul'll be lost!" True enough, a few weeks later, off the Highlands of Halifax, he encountered the predicted gale of wind; the vessel was "hove to" seven days and seven nights. A brand new boat fastened to the side of the vessel was cut in two by a lash of the sea as quickly as if a knife blade did it. The sailors were filled with fears and prayers, but, said Joseph, "I put all my trust in Witch Hooper's words, and I didn't have a mite of fear."

WISE'S LANE—NOW MINERAL STREET.

[The article in the Chronicle I herewith send, of Jan. 19, 1878, concerning the Brook crossing Mineral street, was written from from what Sir Smith told me.—*R.*]

Mineral street in Ipswich, is crossed by a winding, purling stream, known to people in that section of the town as Wise's brook. It received its name from the circumstance, that upon its margin lived a very worthy and honest man by the name of John Wise. This stream from its medicinal properties and pellucid clearness, has been a favorite resort for neighboring residents for both drinking and culinary purposes, especially the former, for many years. A large hole on the

easterly side of the street has been excavated in this running rivulet, and a quadrangular box made of plank put in, to retain sufficient water to make it easy to dip up the largest pailful if so much is desired. Often in dead of winter will admirers of this translucent stream with a gusto sip its surface, as if the healing power of nature permeated its limpid drops. One peculiarity of this spring is, that it never congeals in the coldest weather, nor does the warmest weather ever render its taste unpalatable. But whether it actually contains any hygienic principle above other waters, or whether its curative qualities exist entirely in the imagination, matters not, since our purpose is served in showing that it was and is a neighborhood watering place. Whatever may be believed regarding it, one thing is sure and certain, the Wise family neither had nor sought any other source of water supply.

Along the banks of this gurgling stream the frog had its haunts and hiding places, which were only known when he elected to make them so by a twilight solo. Twenty-five years ago these quadrupeds were far more numerous in that locality than they are to-day. It was then no uncommon thing to see them frolicking within the wooden enclosure, built to retain the water in its passage to the sea. The prude might turn away in disgust on beholding his frogship making this watering place a resort for his friskiness, but others believed his presence there to be not only without damage to the purity of the water, but an actual benefit, in that they feed upon the animalculæ that infest all waters.

Mr. Wise belonged to the brotherhood of clam diggers, who from early fall to late in the spring, made a business of digging these savory bivalves, not for the table alone, but chiefly for bait to be used by the fishermen of neighboring towns. At times this business in Ipswich of putting up bait has been very lucrative. By law the clam-flats of each town are secured to its residents, excluding all others. This has inured to the benefit of the town, yielding a revenue in some years as high as sixty thousand dollars. Our clammers were heroic in their determination to win, despite the winter's cold. It is not every one that is willing to leave a warm bed in dead of winter at the wee hours of the morning with the clam-flats from two to five miles distant, tho' sure of pocketing a couple of dollars by the enterprise. And yet, ne-

cessity was laid upon these men to do this very thing if they would be at all successful in the pursuit of their chosen vocation. A good breakfast and a warm one at that, was one of the pre-requisites among the fraternity of clam diggers to a prosperous day's labor. This was usually prepared by the good housewife over night, that she might not be broken of her rest, and also that there might not be any unnecessary delay in the morning in getting seasonably at a day's work.

Now, Mr. John Wise was a very precise man in his way of doing things; a man with a good deal of system and order, as any one might have known by a glance at his premises, with nothing slovenly about his home, but a cozy unpretentious domicile, located on the bank of this murmuring rivulet; but exact as he was, careful as he was known to be, memory was sometimes at fault with him as with other men.

The hour that our diggers were to leave home in the morning for the flats was no straight jacket hour, for that must depend, of course, on the ebb and flow of the tides, sometimes early and sometimes late. Arising one morning while it was yet dark, it was but the work of a moment for him to light the home dipped candle, and uncover the peat coals that had been carefully laid together before retiring, as was his custom. On went the dry turf, and soon a cheerful fire threw out from the chimney corner its gladdening heat. Seizing his tea-kettle and going to the sink, preparatory for a cup of aromatic Java, he was taken aback at finding his usually well-filled water pail entirely empty. Slightly annoyed but nothing daunted, kettle in hand he hastened over the oft trodden path to the above mentioned brook for a supply. He speedily filled his vessel, but all unconsciously he dipped up a large sized bull frog. Hurriedly retracing his steps, the kettle was soon suspended over a nice, warm fire. The amphibious little animal was not long in feeling the effects of the tepid water, while Mr. Wise was busy in the affairs of the table. In the exuberance of his little self at his comfortable quarters, the frog gave expressions of gladness, and—*paddock, paddock*, came sounding out from the nose of the kettle. This unlooked for salutation at once arrested the attention of our friend; but not immediately hearing it repeated, he resumed his perigrinations about the affairs of the house, not dreaming a prisoner, unwittingly, was confined within the limits of his own room and by his

own hands. But the temperature of his inclosure becoming more and more pleasantly warm, the little fellow bellowed forth, *paddock, paddock, paddock*, and then the cry began to die out upon the quiet of the room; and upon lifting the cover from the kettle, froggy had breathed his last, and nothing met the eye of the beholder but a white belly with four extended limbs floating upon the surface of the water. He had gone where all good froggies go. The kettle was soon emptied of its contents, and re-filled without the frog. A half hour later, was the only interruption this episode made in the day's labor of our friend Wise: but it served him food for many a hearty laugh, as he told the story to new and interested listeners in subsequent years.

CRAZY BETTY.

Near the school house on High street in Ipswich, is a small dilapidated building, used now as a barn. The passers by wonder why it is allowed to remain to detract from the comeliness of the neighborhood; and the school boys make it a target for merciless snow balls and stones. The ungainly house awakens no interest, and yet it has its story. A century and more has it stood in that place, and many have been sheltered under its kindly roof. If its doors are shut to-day, its windows boarded over, and its rooms silent, once the merry laugh of childhood was heard there, and the patter of busy feet, and the hum of the old fashioned spinning wheel, and the noise of the shuttle, and the rattle of bobbins on the lace pillow.

A hundred years ago a ruddy, and very good-natured youth was seen Monday mornings going up High street with his currier's knife on his shoulder; he was wending his way on foot toward Newburyport, where he worked during the week, and returned on Saturday night to his mother's house in Ipswich. He was strong in body and fearless; and when he was met one Saturday night on the high road by a man who demanded the week's wages he had just before received, he seized the highwayman by the throat and made him beg for his life. It was noticed by some of the watchful neighbors that this young man always looked toward the door or window of the widow Shatswell, and that Mary her daughter was sure of a nod, and a smile; and sometimes a little parcel brought from a shop in New-

buryport. The good people wisely predicted a wedding; and their prediction was true; for Simon Smith and Mary Shatswell were soon married by Parson Rogers, and after living awhile at Red Gate, took possession of the snug little house which time has changed into an old barn.

Mary's mother was a careful woman and held fast to her treasures. She died after Mary's marriage, and then her children found a quart pot of pistareens, a string of gold beads, and spoons that had been in the family for generations; and there were shelves of shining pewter plates and wooden trenchers, and a chest of woolen blankets which she had made from the wool of her own sheep. Mary received her share of these things; and besides her mother committed to her especial care, her pale, desponding sister Betty, who years after, was known through all the town as Crazy Betty. When good Parson Frisbie had offered the funeral prayer over the widow's coffin, and the bearers with mourning gloves and scarfs had borne it away to the graveyard on the hill, then Betty left the old home and went to live in the little house with her sister.

Betty had not always been pale, sad and vacant. When a child she was as happy as any girl that ran up and down High street. She did not to be sure like her daily stint of bobbin lace, and she dreaded to have the shearing of wool brought home; it sometimes seemed tedious to say the catechism to the minister on Saturday afternoons. But she remembered the hour of play came when the task was over; and she studied the new England Primer with zeal, and crossed and re-crossed the bobbins, and moved the pins to and fro, till the linen threads were woven into many a scallop and flower. She learned to spin the flax, to card and weave the wool, and her mother's loom was often busy. Alas, for Betty! She did not know in those young days that her hands were to be filled with such tasks when her heart would be vacant and her thoughts wild and scattered.

One evening there was a wedding, and Betty was a guest. She attracted a stranger who sought an introduction and acquaintance. Who he was we know not; his name has long since been forgotten, but he won the heart of the maiden. He tarried in town awhile, and they walked together and talked together, and then he went sway. He was to come again; and Betty looked for him, and waited. Months

rolled, and then years; he never came again. When a shadow fell upon the threshold she would start and look up, but it would not be the stranger-youth she cherished, and her heart grew heavy and her face pale. She tried so be cheerful; for at first the girls—as girls will,—teased her about the absent lover; and though her wit was as keen as theirs, yet a canker was at her heart. Sometimes her fingers would pause on her lace pillow, and her eyes would be gazing up the street. In her mother's house she always sat by the window out of which she was looking when her eyes last rested upon him. When she went to live with her sister, she chose in warm days the first step of the stairs, for she had from that place a view of the road he passed over. After a while she ceased to utter his name; her young friends forgot him; all the memories she folded and sealed in her heart of hearts. But as the years rolled Betty became more and more reticent, her seasons of gazing vacantly up the street increased. Sometimes she would reach out her hands; sometimes she would be hunting for something that was lost; and finally her neighbors began to speak of her as crazy, and they wondered what had changed a happy, sprightly girl into a lunatic woman. They did not that the arrow entered that heart years before, and all that made life to her had drifted away.—Frequently she wandered away at night; and she would sing; sing of something lost that could not be found. The children ran when they saw her coming; she never harmed them. She would fix her great, vacant eyes upon them, and it seemed to them she was to be feared and shunned. There were days and weeks in Betty's life when she diligently toiled; she weeded the little garden by the side of her sister's house, and carefully hoed the potatoe hills. The neighbors hired her to spin and weave for them; and the farmers who went to Newburyport to carry butter, would take her rolls of bobbin-lace to rich ladies and shop-keepers who wanted them. So she lived till she was bowed with years.

Once, when she was old, she wandered forth at midnight. She sang in her incoherent way, till she was going through Mile Lane, and there she beheld a scene that checked her very breath. It was a young man in the air, dripping in blood, his arms spread out imploringly to her. She gazed and gazed, and then screaming with horror, ran, with the swiftness of a child, back to her home. People were aroused

by her cries, and the next day wondered what poor Betty beheld; some said it was a ghost, some thought it was a forewarning of her death, and all hoped it would end her midnight wanderings. Whatever it was her mind suddenly became restful, the strange longings and outreachings satisfied. It may be that she read in that terrible vision the fate of her lover and why he came not back.

A few weeks later the bell tolled. Relatives and neighbors gathered at the little house, and Parson Kimball then in the freshness of his early manhood came to attend the funeral; then the bearers took up the bier, and carried poor Betty to the grave by her mother's side.

TRADITION OF PUDDING STREET.

High street in Ipswich has had various names in the past; but none so familiar to old and young as that at the head of this article.—*Pudding street.* It is mentioned in the early records as the Hill street, the High street, and Merrimac Path, and Lane; though the Merrimac path or lane may have been the old road which led out from Brook street to the Merrimac—the old road that Washington passed over when he went from Ipswich to Newburyport.

The names of several individuals to whom grants of houselots on High street were given, have been preserved. One of them is John Shatswell who was in town as early as 1633. He was one of the earliest deacons of the Church. In 1635 he had erected a house, and about this house centres the old story of the naming of Pudding st. The house stood just in the rear of the present residence of the venerable Joseph Smith, who is now in his 89th year, and is a descendant of the said Shatswell. Mr. Smith took the house down in 1806. He describes it as "an ungainly building, which had stood from the settlement of the town." The family tradition was that it belonged to the first Shatswell who helped lay out some of the first houselots in town. This building was inhabited by successive generations of Shatswells, the last being John and Elisabeth [Coy] Shatswell, who published their intentions of marriage March 31, 1744. He had a brother Richard, who with his wife Mary lived in the house west of the old one, which is still owned and occupied by his descendants.

Tradition has it that Madam Shatswell, as she was called by her neighbors, (but which generation of Shatswell's we cannot tell,) had

hung over the fire a blood pudding for that day's dinner; a plate that tempted the appetite then but would nauseate people now. Some roguish lads discovering the boiling pot, slyly took out the pudding and kicked it down the street until they reached the house of Goodwife Gould; here the pudding bag gave out but not the sport, for they ran into Goody Gould's and finding in her kitchen a kettle of bean porridge, they seized the cat and thrust her into it and made a hasty exit. The two matrons were greatly surprised and irritated; and the circumstance caused a deal of excitement, and gave a name to the locality never forgotten.

BLACK POMP.

The sixth of August, 1795, was a day of great excitement in Ipswich. People came from all the neighboring towns to witness the execution of Pomp—a negro and slave. It was an intensely hot and dusty day. The scaffold was erected at the end of Mile Lane; and the poor fellow was carried thither sitting upon a black coffin.

Pomp's master, Captain Charles Furbush, of Andover, told him at different times that if he was clever and faithful, he should, as soon as his master was dead, marry his mistress and possess the property. Elated at the prospect, Pomp could not wait for the captain to die a natural death, but on the night of Feb. 11, 1795, with ax in hand, he crept into his master's bedroom, and a well-aimed blow sent the sleeper into eternity. The poor slave was seized and chained in Ipswich Jail—the old jail which stood on Meeting House Hill on the site of the residence of the late Rev. David Tenney Kimball. Mr. Staniford was keeper of the jail. People visited the place daily to see the prisoner. He was chained to a large block, and permitted to walk the length of his chain. On Sundays he attended the services in the meeting house, and the noise of his chains as he took his seat on the floor before the pulpit, had a sound of terror to the children, some of whom remembered it to old age.

On the day of the execution Mr Staniford had a chicken cooked for Pomp's breakfast and he ate the whole of it. At 11 o'clock he was carried to the meeting house. Dr. Dana preached and Mr Frisbie prayed. At the scaffold Mr Bradford of Rowley prayed nearly an hour. Before the cap was drawn over Pomp's eyes, Mr Frisbie said,

“Pray, Pomp, pray.” The benighted fellow looked vacantly round and uttered, “Mass’r God,” and knew no more to say. He was then hung and his body given to the doctors.

JOHN ROGERS’ WIG.

Joseph Smith’s grandmother, Elisabeth (Coy) Shatswell, (married 1744 died 1790,) used to relate the following story to her grand-children about the Rev. John Rogers who was ordained 1692 and died 1745. The parson needed a new wig; there was a foolish youth in town whose head was covered with an immense growth of hair of the same color as Mr. Rogers. The fool’s head was clipped and the severed locks were transferred in the shape of a nicely curled wig to the head of the minister. The simpleton was in an ecstasy when the new wig appeared in the pulpit; it was too great an honor for his limited mind; he could hardly keep his seat till the end of the long service. As soon as the minister had reached the meeting house door, he bounded up to him exclaiming, “Fine sermon, parson, fine sermon you preached to-day, with that wig on made of my hair.” It was difficult to decide which was greater the surprise and confusion of the minister or the amusement of the people.

The old lady who told this story had great respect for the memory of this minister. In her old age she would say, “O for such sermons as Mr. Rogers gave us.”

SIR SMITH.—1867.

Every people, every community, every inhabited locality has its marked men; men without whom the mental, the moral, or the social claim of society would be wanting an important link; and whenever and wherever nature has failed to supply the peculiar ligature to make society “an harmonious whole,” there has been a surplus in other places to supply the deficiency, and the community has kept oscillating and vibrating until like the stone rolled from the mountain it has found its proper resting place.

Hence Ipswich has both supplied and been supplied in this matter. She has found her Wade for a companion of Washington, her Choate for a peer of Webster. In the late Rebellion she found her Shatswell,

than whom none braver fought, to meet the Leonidas of the Southern field.

There lives in the vicinage where the noble Shatswell was born another. Nature has not stamped him a genius, nor has Philosophy placed her coronal upon his head. No military glory circles the bleached brow, nor has he been clothed with the ermine of Judicial authority; and yet he is a marked man. He is known in "Pudden street" by the euphonious name of "Sir Smith."

But what are the marked characteristics, the distinguishing peculiarities of Sir Smith, that should thus publicly call him forth? We answer all that distinguishes a living man from a dead one; all that makes sunshine pleasanter than shade. He is to society what the rain and dews are to parched ground; imparting new life, freshness, vigor to animal existence, and gladdening it with Spring-like luxuriance. No showy mansion shelters him from the storm, yet any one will point out Sir's residence that has been his home for more than half a century. Like his fellows he has passed under the cloud; yet emerged from that cloud all hopeful with the inward consciousness of being anchored to the Throne of the Invisible.

Not long since with my better half, I spent the evening with Sir Smith; and the volubility, the earnestness, the good nature with which he discussed the subject matter of our conversation, the imagery with which he clothed his thoughts, made me forget that I only intended a call; and the evening was far spent before we parted.

But Sir is growing old,—grown old I should have said—having passed his four score years. Soon he will be gone from among the living. May the young reverence him, imitate his virtues, share his hopefulness, avoid his foibles, if foibles he has; and all of us remember everything has its sunny side. That Sir has his faults none will be more ready to confess than himself; but who loves the sunshine less because the sun has dark spots upon its disc? Who of us without faults that "dying we would not wish to blot?" May Sir long be spared among us; may the evening of his life be like golden sunset, and its close the opening of that higher life reserved for the faithful.

Ipswich, May, 1867.

T. B. E.

SIR SMITH,—1873.

Sir still lives ; and to-day, the 11th of January, 1873, his friends celebrate with him his Ninetieth Birthday. For forty-and-three years he has been numbered with Christ's little flock, he in 1830, having been converted to God under the labors of Rev. John N. Maffit. The old barn in the rear of Sir's house, could it speak, might tell how often during these more than two score years faith was victor as he took hold of the arm of God in prayer. He always has an encouraging word for the weak disciple of Christ, ever giving bits of his own experience for the purpose of stimulating such in their christian course, and of urging them onward in the path of duty. You who are not personally acquainted with Sir Smith, take our advice, and at your earliest convenience go and see him. Any school boy in the section of the town where he resides will tell you where he lives, for the children love him. and you will never regret the hour passed in his company. We always feel like standing uncovered in his presence. Time has plowed into his once commanding figure ; but the plowshare has never entered his soul. He never allows sorrow to sap the soul's purity by complaints or repinings ; but acknowledging a Providence in all the affairs of life, he is made better by passing under the rod.

Sir, you are admonished as you pass down life's ebbing stream, that but few more gatherings of this kind will be given you ; but we hope to join you on the other shore in singing the hallelujahs when the jewels of Christ shall gather at the Supper of the Lamb. T. B. R.

NINETIETH BIRTHDAY PAPER.

More than a hundred years ago. Thomas Smith, (the grandfather of the venerable man whose birthday we are celebrating.) came into possession of the land lying west of the old High street Burying Yard. On a line with the street stood his currier's shop ; in the rear of his shop was his dwelling house, and he owned the land back of the house to the top of the hill. At that day the graveyard did not reach to the Smith homestead ; on what is now the westerly end of the yard stood the dwelling house of John Caldwell, a childless old man, of such strict integrity, that he was called Honest John. At his death the heirs gave the house to Thomas Smith for kindnesses rendered, and Thomas removed it, and the Caldwell land became a new addition to the burying ground.

Thomas Smith was the son of Thomas and Elisabeth (Emmons) Smith, and was born July 15, 1716. When he was 21 years old he married Tryphena Russell. She was the daughter of Henry and Sarah (Adams) Russell. She was four years younger than her husband, having been born in August, 1720. They were published from the pulpit, as the custom was then, August 27, 1737. They both staid from meeting that Lord's Day, without doubt; both had sudden colds or a Sunday headache. The wedding soon followed and they began life in the plain style of the people of a century and a half ago.

As the years rolled they had nine children: Thomas, the eldest boy, married Elisabeth Goldsmith and lived in Newburyport; he was a revolutionary soldier. Andrew was also a revolutionary soldier, and at West Point when the treachery of Arnold was discovered; he was a pleasant, entertaining man, and delighted children by stories of West Point days. He married Sally Warner of Londonderry, and died at the age of forty, leaving no children; his gravestone may be seen in the old yard, bearing this inscription:

In memory of
Mr. Andrew Smith,
who departed this life
July 23d, 1797,
aged 40 years.

When will that glorious morning rise
When the last trumpet sounds,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground.

Another son, Daniel, also a revolutionary soldier, was born March 10, 1755, and married Hannah Lord; he died January 28, 1844, aged nearly 89 years. He was a cabinet or chair maker; and was very skilful in making flag-bottom seats. He must be well remembered by some present. Simon was baptized August 26, 1750, married Mary Shatswell, and was the father of the aged man with whom we meet.

Of the daughters of Thomas, Elisabeth married Thomas Gould in 1784; Eunice married Campbell Ripley a native of Duxbury, he built the little one story house by the graveyard, recently occupied by Mr. Tibbetts. One of the daughters married a Lakeman and lived in Newburyport; another married a Phelps; another a Goodrich.

Thomas Smith the owner of the currier's shop and lands above mentioned, was always spoken of by his grandchildren as a very worthy and industrious man. He and his wife lived together fifty-two years: Tryphena the wife died Dec. 1. 1789. aged 69; and the husband followed February 13, 1791. They are buried side by side with their son Andrew.

Simon Smith, (son of Thomas and father of our venerable friend,) followed the trade of his father. In his youth and early manhood he worked in his father's shop. He was remarkable for his physical strength; whatever employed him, whether swinging a scythe or using the currier-knife, he outstripped his fellows. The story is yet told of him coming home one Saturday afternoon from Newburyport, where he had been working at his trade; he had received the pay for his work, and passed beyond the limits of the town, when suddenly he was confronted by a ruffian who demanded his money. Without a moment's hesitation or confusion Simon grasped the villain and held the currier's knife over him; the man begged pitifully to be released.

During the revolution he several times engaged in privateering. A League was formed in the High street neighborhood with the understanding that if any member of it should be drafted each should contribute his share towards sending a substitute. Simon, one of the League (or Class as it was also called,) came under the draft; a substitute was promptly provided. This substitute served the required time, and was then asked to go a second time for another person; he assented and was enrolled, but before he was paid, he was invited to a down river party and never returned. Rumor said there was foul play at Plum Island that day.

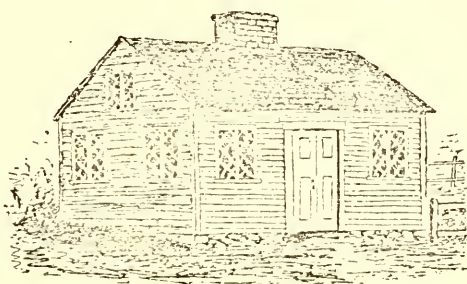
When Simon Smith and Mary Shatswell were married they went to live at Red Gate, and there the children were born. We catch glimpses of that early home by what has been told us: One night when Simon was away the mother gathered all the children into her room to sleep—for it was a lonely place to be in without protection. She heard at night the tramping of many feet and cautiously lifting the curtain she saw a company of Hessians marching hastily by. Their skirted coats gave the idea that they were Indians, and whether friend or foe she could not tell. It was a night of fear to the lonely mother. This midnight march caused intense excitement in Ipswich.

At another time a wofully tattered beggar appeared at the gate. The terrified children ran to their uneasy mother: and she speaking to the dog, he barked so furiously that the old wanderer went down the road like Jehu's horse.

When dinner was ready and the father was not on time, [Sir they called the father then.] the children were sure if they called him in the great brick oven he would come; so the now aged Joseph, then a little tow-headed boy, took down the wooden door of the oven, and putting his head in, shouted, "Sir, Sir, the dinner is ready;" and then the impatient children ran to the door to see if Sir was in sight.

The mother performed the duties of barber in the family ; and when it became needful to shorten the locks, the old lady's custom was to put a bowl over the heads of her boys, and shear the locks even with the rim of the bowl, *a la Cromwell*. Once when Joseph's locks had become too long for convenience and comfort the bowl was adjusted, and the shears coming into the neighborhood of one of his ears, the mother unfortunately clipped a bit from the rim of the ear ; the immediate outcry of the boy warned her that it would be better to keep to the locks than modify the dimensions of the ears.

Life at Red Gate was too lonesome, and so Simon bought the little one story house which stood at the rear of the High st. school house.



Simon Smith's House.

It had diamond pane glass, a double front door, and a huge flat rock for the door stone. In this house the short story of the youngest boy's life ended. His name was William : a winsome child he was. Every Sunday night the mother made a short cake of flour, just big enough for herself and husband. No child expected any portion of it, for a bowl of milk and rye bread was their usual supper ; but the little petted William, because he was the youngest, the dearest and the best, was by common consent allowed to be worthy a little fragment of the cake, and more than that, he was permitted to eat it standing at the table, a privilege no other child of the family had, for the wooden trencher and bowl were taken from the table, and the child sat upon the doorstep in summer and before the fire in winter. Little William when six years old sickened and died of scarlet fever. Greatly was he mourned and never forgotten. They put him in his little black coffin, and four lads carried him over to the old burying ground, and there by the side of the grandparents the pleasant child was laid. His mother mourned to her latest day.

Thanksgiving Day was the one day of all the year. Simon Smith always bought fourteen pounds of flour for this occasion, and Mary, his wife, made each of her children a little mince pie with a flour crust. It was the only time in the year that the children tasted flour, unless they were sick or had company; then a few crackers were allowed.

The Thanksgiving Dinner consisted of a pudding with raisins or dried huckleberries. This was served first. Then followed roast goose, and that there might be no lack, there was also a boiled dish.

But the great event to the High street children was Nannie Galloway's "Joppajine." Nannie lived at the south east corner of the old graveyard, where Mr. Ross' place is. She was very fond of lively times, and relished her daily drink of old Jamaica. She had a brother William, an energetic fellow, who became rich; she had two sisters, Phebe and Sally. Because Nannie had such a great front room and such a liking for good times, she invited the children every year the day after Thanksgiving to a Joppajine; or as we should call it in modern phrase, Jump-and-join. The children's mince pies with flour crusts were reserved for this occasion, and they carried also a little tea and some sugar. Once when little Elisabeth Smith, Joseph's sister, was going to the Joppajine, her little pie was such a temptation that she ate the edge of it before she reached Nannie's house. At tea time the pies were cut in quarters and piled upon a pewter platter.

Of the sports of the occasion, "Canterbury Bells" had the greatest charm: a young master usually succeeded in winning a young miss as partner in a dance when the following stanza of the play was sung:

Madam, will you accept the key of Canterbury,
And all the bells in town will ring to make you merry,
And will you arise and dance with me?

Soon all were upon the floor, the feet keeping time to Bells of Canterbury. They played also: "Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun;" "Box, box, who's got the box."

There were not many books in the Smith house: the children learned "Polly Gould's Last Words," and the "Majors only Son;" and now and the Major's son wandered into town from Newbury, wailing his song and showing the gold ring of the rhyme.

The old family pew was the front gallery seat directly facing the minister. It was bought when the meeting house was finished, by Thomas Smith, 1750, for £35.

And now let us give a glance at this old homestead where this venerable man has lived sixty-seven years, and also at a few events of his life:

In 1805, Sept. he was a seaman, and sailed from Newburyport; he is described as 22 years old, height 5 feet 11 inches, light complexion, two small scars upon his left arm. The next year he married Hannah Lord. She was born May 4, 1782, and died Sept. 22, 1855. She was the daughter of Aaron Lord, jr., and Elisabeth (Pousland) Lord, who were published April 1, 1780. The children of Aaron, jr. were: Elisabeth, unm; Susan, m Porter; Priscilla, unm; Mary, m Goodhue; Lucy; Hannah m Joseph Smith; Aaron; John; William. Aaron was the last occupant of the old Simon Smith house; William was called by his neighbors "Gunner Bill;" John was an India sea captain, m Hannah Smith, sister of Joseph.

The year of the marriage of Joseph and Hannah he took down the original Shatswell house, and just in front of where it stood he placed the one in which we are gathered; he bought this one of the executor of the estate of John Cole Jewett; when he bought it stood where Mr. John Lane's residence is. The old Shatswell house is remembered as having a very flat roof. John Shatswell and his wife Elisabeth (Coy) lived in it; the land where railroad is was the old lady's potato patch, and beyond that she pastured her cow. Richard Shatswell, a brother of John, lived in the adjoining Shatswell house.

Elisabeth (Coy) Shatswell, grandmother of Joseph Smith, was very thrifty. She laid by her butter money till she had a quart pot of pistareens; when she was dying she gave this money to her daughter Martha who married John Fellows, who purchased a piece of land with it; and when Martha Fellows was dying she sold the land and bought each of her daughters a gold bead necklace, as a dying gift.

After the death of widow Shatswell, an old woman named Betty Fuller lived in the house and kept a variety shop; she made gingerbread horses, pigs, and the like, for children, and black jack-candy. The latest occupant of all was blind Joseph Edwards, who in his old age and poverty was sent to his native place in Maine.

Joseph Smith had been married 49 years when his wife died in 1855. He has had 89 descendants: 10 children, 48 grandchildren, 28 great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild; thus from his grandparents whom he well remembers to his great-great-grancoild, he can count seven generations that he has known.

[Other incidents were related on this birth day occasion but they are included in the previous pages, and therefore not added.]

Additional. When eighty-nine years old he planted and hoed his garden and mowed his grass; when he was ninety an ox-cart became entangled and some men were trying to free it; "let me put my shoulder to that wheel," said the old man. He kept this spirit of activity to his latest day, though physically unable to be about; only a few days before he died two or three young people were assisting at something in his room, and it was not accomplished very alertly: he laughingly said, "I wish I could get out of bed: I would show you boys how to fly round."

His son Joseph relates this: "A lad—William Gould—was killed at Plum Island by a bull. Joseph Smith, Capt. Daniel Lord and Daniel Lummus went to the Island, dressed the body for the coffin and brought it to town. Before leaving the Island they were to kill the bull; it was a dangerous undertaking and they all dreaded it, though he had been chained. At length Joseph said, "Well, it must be done;" and picking up the broad ax, he struck a blow which brought the animal to the ground."

Mrs. Elisabeth (Smith) Jones.

Written in 1868.

Elisabeth Jones, widow of Amos Jones, died September 8, 1868, aged nearly eighty-nine years. It was interesting to hear this aged lady speak of the past; her memory reached back to the olden time, and she often recalled events of a generation which is now gone from us. She was the daughter of Simon and Mary (Shatswell) Smith, she was born at Red Gate, two miles perhaps from town, but the greater portion of her young life was passed in the little Smith house with its diamond paned glass and double front door at the foot of Gander hill. Her father was a privateer and two of his brothers were Revolutionary soldiers, and both at West Point at the time of Arnold's treachery. The habits of her father's family were extremely simple, like all the families in common life at that day. She ate out of a wooden bowl and wooden trencher and rarely tasted flour. A gingerbread toy was a great treasure.

The young girls of her day were mostly employed in making lace upon a small round pillow stuffed full of hay. A sheepskin belt called a sheath was drawn about the pillow and the pattern of the lace was pricked in the sheath; the pins were placed in these perforations and the linen threads were wound about bobbins. Mrs Jones kept her lace pillow to old age; and sometimes for amusement or to gratify friends, employed herself in this old time labor.

At nine years of age she went to Newburyport and lived in a family named Goodhue—of Ipswich origin. Her mother was reluctant to have her go from home when so very young; but Elisabeth so strongly desired it that her mother gave unwilling consent, telling her to return any day she desired. Her duty in the family was to amuse and care for a little child named Jerry and to help the child's mother. One day she assisted in moulding candles; passing hastily across the room the skirt of her gown brushed against a row of moulds and they fell over. Her mistress quicker than thought boxed her ears. Elisabeth received the blow with silent indignation. The next morning as the day was breaking she gathered up her earthly possessions, and quietly left the house and walked from Newburyport to Ipswich. It was a long foot-journey for a child of nine years, but her resentment kept her from weariness. On the way home she saw the brother of Mrs. Goodhue on horseback going from Ipswich to Newburyport; she hid herself till he had passed by, and then resumed her travel. When Mrs. Goodhue discovered her departure she was very anxious, and became still more so when her brother assured her that no such child was seen upon the road. It cost the lady a drive to Ipswich; but no persuasion or authority induced Elisabeth to return.

During her stay in Newburyport she heard a local expression which she remembered all her life, "*Fooney Gerrish*,"—applied to persons not over wise in some of their doings. The story is something like this—a barber greatly desired to have an account book and make charges like merchants; so he bought a book and waited for a customer. A man came and ordered a wig. He was about to pay for it, but Gerrish told him he would rather charge it. The surprised stranger acceded to his wish, and took the wig and departed, and never returned. Gerrish had the satisfaction of writing on the first leaf of his book, "Moses sold a countryman a wig to-day." The joke spread and Gerrish was ever called "*Fooney Gerrish*:" and all other unwise ones were christened the same by popular voice.

The year of her stay in Newburyport (1789) was marked by Washington's visit to New England. She always retained his looks as he rode majestically along. Military companies were out; the clergymen and public citizens were in the procession. The boys and girls were ranged on each side of Federal street; the boys wore white goose quills in their hats. As the great man passed down the avenue of children he raised his hat and bowed repeatedly. She was on the verge of her marriage when Washington died ten years later. The young people of Ipswich draped the two meeting houses; and Mr. Frisbie preached a memorial sermon the next Sunday, and Dr. Dana

pronounced a Eulogy on the 22d of February, lifting his right hand as he began by saying "O Washington, beloved Washington!" His manner was so impressive and tender that his hearers carried the memory of it to latest days. The ladies of Ipswich wore mourning badges four Sundays. The style of dress that winter was a tall beaver hat and peacock feathers, and a close fitting outer garment called a great coat. On the right sleeve was pinned a white ribbon with the initials G. W.

When in her teens she lived in the family of Isaac Kilborn on the farm now known as Heard's. She told the following queer little incident which occurred while she was one of this household. We give it as it has already been printed :

A FORGOTTEN SABBATH.

Nearly a hundred years ago the Heard Farm was owned and occupied by Isaac Kilborn. He was a worthy man who aimed to keep the moral and civil laws : he was very careful like all the people of that generation, to "Remember the Sabbath," and keep it as holily as possible. But one summer Sunday he and all his house were so intent on securing a nice field of hay that the bell on the old spire rang in vain for them. Parson Frisbie walked solemnly to the meeting house with his hour's sermon in his breast pocket, and his good Mehitable leaning on his arm. The little Frisbie's walked as properly behind them as children could. Mary and Sarah led the little Mehitable, and Levi and Nathan brought up the rear. We can picture the old square minister's pew, at the right of the south entrance, well filled that day with the minister's family. The wall pews two steps high, were designed for the lordly people of other days. And if Mrs. Mehitable Frisbie was so irreverent as to turn to the right or to the left she saw doubtless people who were proud of their descent and loyal to their name. Just the other side of the door in the highest priced seat in the meeting house once sat Major Rogers ; then came the seats once occupied by gentlemen in scarlet, and blue, and green coats and breeches ; and ladies in satins and silks such as queens wear to-day. No wonder they were the admiration of the commoners of the floor and the gallery !

In the northwest corner was the Harris pew, occupied at the time of which we write by plain, worthy people beginning, perhaps, to be conscious of a little family pride : their grandmother was a Franklin, sister of Benjamin Franklin, and it sounded very well to speak of their great uncle Benjamin. The old Philosopher left them a guinea a piece when he died.

In the gallery sit the common people. In that seat at the left of the east door is a bride. A piece of her wedding gown is before me as I write. A quaint, queer dress it was,—a robin's-egg-green silk, with pink and white stripes. Poor heart! her bridal silk was never worn out. It was left as a legacy to an infant daughter who was never to remember a mother's interest and love.

Another and empty pew attracted the minister's eye. Where could the Kilborn's be,—out of town? No shrewd farmer ever went a visiting in haying time. All sick? It was only yesterday that the good parson, tired with writing his long sermons, trotted his horse down the Neck road, and saw the men in the meadow, and Mistress Kilborn and Betsey, her maid, spreading the supper table for the men, under the shade trees. Where could the Kilborn's be?

Ah, good Parson Frisbie, to the worldly-minded farmer the tangible has a charm that the spiritual lacks! So all the day of heavenly quietness passed, with never a thought that the wonderful old Catechism said: "The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days; and spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship."

The next day, however, startled the old man's memory. He discovered that he had broken one Sabbath all in pieces. Never did any poor sinner have deeper contrition. Never did saint pay truer penance. All the household were gathered reverently. The forgetfulness was confessed. A day was solemnly set apart to be kept as a Sabbath. No unnecessary work was done in it by men or beasts. When Parson Frisbie called to inquire about the health and welfare of the family, he found them in deep humility; and profiting, maybe, by their mistake, if not by his Sunday sermon.

Another story told by Mrs. Jones has already been alluded to; we give it here, as caught from her lips,—but it lacks the living voice, and the presence which, to her grandchildren, was always sunshine:

THE MOTHER'S FRIGHT:

The Story of a Brick Oven.

In Revolutionary days Simon and Mary (Shatswell) Smith lived at Red Gate, on the old road, which, until 1789, was the travelled way to Danvers, Salem, Lynn, and Boston. We call it now the Topsfield road.

Mary was born and brought up on High street; and then as now, it was the most thickly settled part of the town. To begin housekeeping therefore, in the lonesome Red Gate farm house, was not her real wish; but, like a good many young wives, she yielded assent, because her Simon's work was there.

When two or three babes had been added to her love care, Simon was seized with the then universal enthusiasm to break the British yoke. For his part in the great effort, he sailed out of Ipswich river as a privateer. The name of the boat we forget, if we ever knew. He held to his choice of privateer-life, through the war. At one time he was drafted, in an emergency; and he sent a substitute, clinging, himself, to the life at sea. Some of the booty of his privateer exploits and confiscations, in the shape of "dry goods," was in possession of his daughters within the memory of the writer.

After his departure in the vessel, Mary, his wife, and her babes, lived an indescribably desolate life at Red Gate. Especially as the daylight faded, her dreads multiplied. She bolted her doors; shrank from lighting a candle, lest its beams should attract a foot-straggler or army vagrant.

One night, like Job of the Bible, "the fear that she feared, came to her." In the still, dead hours she was awaked by the tramp of many, many feet. She sprang from her pillow and looked cautiously out of the window. Her blood curdled! she beheld what seemed to be an entire tribe of Indians. A strange, weird, silent concourse, in costumes she never saw before or read about. She thought of tortures, scalps and death. But mother-love came to the surface, and her instant desire was to save the children.

The great brick oven seemed her deliverance. The thought evolved at once into action. She lifted her sleeping babes into this great brick reservoir, and put up securely the iron door, and waited in terror for the Indians of her imagination to break through bolts and windows. Faint and fainter was the tramp of feet; then came the night's awful silence,—but she watched till the daylight.

The strangely costumed men who terrorized the sensitive Mary, proved to be the Hessians and Hanoverians who were sent over for the protection of Canada against the invasion of Arnold. They were then marching as prisoners of war. The day following this invasion, all Ipswich was ajar to know its why and wherefore? For threescore years, at least, that midnight march was a story theme.

Poor Mary's fears led at last to her removal to her early home neighborhood. Simon Smith bought a house on the High street at Gander Hill,—a site now forgotten, as it is levelled and graded.

Lieut. William Heth, who was an officer in the expedition to Canada, under Arnold, describes in his diary, the uniforms of these foreigners, who so frightened the desolate woman at Red Gate :

“ Their uniform is Blue wth Lt Yellow facings(wth only 4 Buttons on Lapels,) white Vest & Breeches, narrow Lac'd Hats, all their Coats short waisted & long skirts, Hats of large size. They all wore silver gorgets with the white Horse painted on a red ground in the centre, the Hanoverian Horse wch His Majesty has quartered in his Coat of Arms.

“ Several of the German officers visited us again today, all Booted to a man—even a Boy of 7 or 8 years of age strutted in Boots.”

In the year 1800, Mrs. Jones began house-keeping in the William Jones house, [1728,] a few rods south of the Choate bridge; and here her children, William and Mary, were born in its “Whitefield Chamber;” and here in later years were born the six children of her daughter Mary.

She carded the wool and wove her own blankets at her marriage.

In 1820, she moved into the house directly opposite the William Jones house. Her husband bought it of Aaron Wallis. It was originally the John Knowlton house, built in 1691-2, taken down, 1862. Isaac Knowlton, son of John, was its next owner ; Robert Choate its third ; Gen. Michael Farley, and then Aaron Wallis and Amos Jones.

One of the pleasant Jones family reminiscences told by her husband's mother, was the receiving as a guest for a night, the celebrated Whitefield, the Evangelist. He came by the invitation of William Jones, converted under his brief but persuasive ministry, at an earlier date. The northerly front chamber, was the great and good man's resting place ; and it evermore had a sacredness.

During the Civil War, [1861-4,] Mrs. Jones, then more than 80 years, knitted many pairs of socks for the soldiers. Mrs. Farmer, then of Salem, and herself a heroine, wrote the following stanzas which were printed on slips, and enclosed in every pair :

You were knit for feet that will not run,
 When they meet the rebel foe ;
 And since our work of love is done,
 We simply bid you go !
 But keep in view our parting charge,
 That no retreat you'll know !

Brave hearts await your coming now,
 And though on cheeks are tears,
 They are for the heroic dead,
 And not through craven fears.
 Then, Father, hear our tearful claim :
 " God bless our Volunteers ! "

Watch over them with loving eye,
 While far from us they roam ;
 Grant to us strength our pledge to keep,—
 We will be brave at home !
 And may they bring a spotless name,
 When back to us they come.

Mrs. Jones died in peace ; she was ready for the departure ; and the text inscribed upon her gravestone is truly her memorial :

Elisabeth Smith Jones
 wife of Amos Jones
 Born
 January 7, 1780
 Died
 September 8, 1868
 And in her tongue was the
 law of kindness.

And when the early winter came, with ocean winds and snows, Mrs. Farmer, who had written the verses to be sent to the soldiers, with the aged one's labors of love, again took the pen, and wrote to the grandchildren :

BEYOND IT ALL.

Tenderly inscribed to the friends who love and remember Grandmother Jones

The wintry winds fall on my ear,
 With sobbing moans to-night,
 While Mother Earth has hid her face
 Beneath the snow flakes white.
 The leaden sky that twilight kissed
 When shutting out the day,
 Has changed its hue, and angry clouds
 Have hid the stars away.

The leafless trees bend to the shock,
 With almost human cry ;
 On, and still on the Storm King rides,
 With loud blast sweeping by.
 No sound of active life is heard
 Upon the midnight air ;
 My room is silent as the Grave,—
 Death seemeth everywhere !

How can we let these wild bleak snows
 Cover our precious dead,

And know the cold and frozen earth,
 Must be their only bed.
 O God, forgive this human heart!
 It bends to Thy sweet will.
 Thou comest in the midst of tears,
 To whisper: "Peace be still."

The aged one you laid to rest
 With Autumn's fading flowers,
 Has found a home of perfect bliss,—
 This thought shall brighten ours.
 The precious form is all that's left
 Where wintry storms can fall;
 Nor cold nor heat can harm again:—
 She is beyond it all.

She was a blessing to you here,
 Through childhood's rosy morn;
 She was the sunbeam of your home,
 When those bright days were gone.
 Her life, so pleasant every day,
 Grew sweeter to the close;
 Its constant benedictions fell,—
 An eventide repose.

How few have known such priceless love,
 So many changeful years;
 None ever passed beyond your sight,
 More worthy of your tears!
 To God be praise that she is now
 Where storm will never fall;
 In the eternal Summer Land
 She's safe beyond it all.

JOSEPH SMITH'S CONVERSION.

Timothy B. Ross.

"Father Smith," has gone from among us. He has left the mortal to put on the immortal; and a shade of sadness comes over the heart as the truth flashes across it, that we are to greet him no more on the shores of time as a brother beloved.

It is well known in Ipswich that Mr. Smith was converted in the revival of 1830. There are but few now living who could tell very much about the particulars of that conversion; therefore I will give some details that entered as factors into the transformation of a character, that subsequently was as lovely and lovable as before it had been morose and repulsive.

Though we were but a youth, in our teens, when the great revival begun at Ipswich, which for power, for immediate and far-reaching results has had no parallel in the town since, yet, we remember well the fevered state of some minds, lest the people called Methodists should capture the town, and the older religious societies should go to the wall! The good Lord was better to them than their fears; each were greatly blessed in the enlargement of their borders, the depth of their piety, the scope of their usefulness; and as later events have shown, what was feared did not come,—the Methodists, instead of setting back the tide that was bearing them slowly along, rather opened the floodgates of prosperity upon them, which has not ceased in its power to be felt to the present day.

* * Rev. J. N. Maffitt was engaged to labor; and Mr. Smith was one who was found fighting with the enemies of that Cross under whose shadow in subsequent years he found so much solace and comfort; and by whose radiating power, all along the line of life for more than a half century, he found continued satisfaction and contentment.

Mr. Smith was notoriously profane, and had very much to say against the revival, and those professing godliness. Great interest was felt, therefore, by the friends of the

gospel that he might be converted ; and like Paul, from a persecutor be made a partaker of a like precious faith. To this end, his neighbors and friends would approach him with invitations to attend the extra means of grace, through whose instrumentality sinners were daily being saved. All such approaches were met with a rebuff ; and usually accompanied with an oath that sent a chill thro' the pious heart. Nothing daunted, invitation succeeded invitation, and persuasive appeals were of daily occurrence ; but deep insensibility bound him with iron bands.

The meetings had been running six weeks ; hundreds had been saved ; mourners continued to flock to the altar of our beloved Zion. The year 1829 was drawing to a close. Watch Meeting had been appointed. Christians were actively at work, for they thought this would be a turning point.

* * Mr. Smith, in talk, continued his opposition. He gathered strength in his antagonisms from the side laughs of the little knot that nightly gathered at the High street grocery.

* * But one who esteemed the friendship of God of more value than that of the world, made haste to say : " Mr. Smith, you are a coward ! and these men with you are no better." At this saying S. grew pale, and asked what he meant ? " I mean," responded the speaker, " to use the word coward in no offensive sense. You have opposed this work of grace from the beginning I believe truly that you are afraid to avail yourself of these privileges lest your companions should laugh you to scorn."

At length Mr. Smith retorted : " See here, Mr. Lord, we'll end this talk ; what time does your meeting commence to-night ? Call me at the hour, and we will see who is the coward ?"

* * As the two entered the vestibule of the Meeting-house, there were those who inwardly and in faith rejoiced at the prospect of victory ahead. They saw in the near future, Joseph Smith, a member of the household, doing good work for the Master. Nor were they disappointed.

The occasion was the pivotal hour on which hinged the hereafter of the man.

His conviction was powerful,—somewhat prolonged. His conversion clear as the sunlight,—so much so, that in after years he had misgivings of the soundness of that man's conversion who could not tell the day and hour his sins were forgiven and his discipleship secured. On emerging from the outer darkness of his own experience, into a day brighter than the sunlight, he said: "My house is the house of prayer."

Nor did the work of grace stop with the conversion of the paternal head of the family. Hannah, the wife, seeing the earnestness and changed condition of the husband, soon became the subject of converting grace.

We met Mr. Smith in the social means of grace for more than a third of a century. It was to father Smith that we first told the story of our own deliverance from the "gall of bitterness;" and what he said comes to us after forty years with the freshness of yesterday. From that hour he became to us as a father in Israel. We never ceased to love him till the day they laid him in the grave.

